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When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and
 trib - ute far too small; Love so a - maz - ing.

count but loss And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all!

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
 Tune: adapt. Edward Miller, 1731-1807

ROCKINGHAM OLD
 L.M.

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God Moves in a Mysterious Way

1 God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form;
 2 Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust him for his grace;
 3 Blind un - be - lief is sure to err And scan his work in vain;
 4 You fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds you so much dread

He plants his foot - steps in the
 Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i -
 God is his own in - ter - pret
 Are big with mer - cy and shall

Text: William Cowper, 1731-1800, alt.
 Tune: Tars'ur, Compleat Melody, 1734

God, My Lord, My Strength

1 God, my Lord, my strength, my place
 2 Christ in me, and I am freed
 3 Up, weak knees and spir - it bowed

In all needs by night and
 Heart of flesh for life - less
 Shall a - rise to beat you

And Sa - tan mark his pr
 Now cheered his love to ov
 And an - gels all a - rou

© Text: Transcius, 1636; tr. Jaroslav J. Vajda, b. 1919, alt.
 Tune: Gradual, Prague, 1567

LENT AND PASSION

138 It Was a Cross, The Cruel Bed They Made Him

11,11,11,11

A.P. BERGGREN

1. It was a cross, the cru - el bed they made Him Who came to save the sin - ners that be -
 2. And now the cross, that em - blem of sal - va - tion, Is seen on spires in ev - 'ry land and
 3. It waves a - loft on ban - ners o'er the o - cean, And mul - ti - tudes re - gard it with de -
 4. We light - ly lay the cross up - on our neigh - bor; To bear our own is pain - ful toil and
 5. For you, who walk with Him in pain and sad - ness, The gate of death will o - pen wide to

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tray'd Him. With sin - ful scorn they cursed Him in their blind - ness, Who
 na - tion. The gold - en cross re - flects the sun - set glo - ry, And
 vo - tion. Where Christ leads on, with palms and songs they hail Him; But
 la - bor, But if at sun - set thou wouldst see sal - va - tion, Then
 glad - ness; And if the cross be here out staff, it brac - es Our

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spot - less walk'd a - mong them, full of kind - - - ness.
 thou - sands praise it now in song and sto - - - ry.
 who will bear the cross, and nev - er fail - - - Him?
 fol - low Christ thro' tri - als and temp - ta - - - tion.
 wea - ry feet in rough and ston - y plac - - - es.